THIS STARTS THE STORY Cherry Strickland marries young of the construction of the family. Peter ries a friend of the family. Peter loves her and falls in love that peter loves her made and all grangements have been made and all grangements have been made and all grangements have been made and extensive the lovers are waiting Alix questions her sister about her really intends and each first on the really intends and each first on the really intends and each of love each other, live people who don't love each other.

In the strict of the family of the falls in the love of the falls in love in the falls

LIX sat back on her heels, in the and shrugged her shoulders.

Taink of the people who are worry-

about that?" she asked, timidly, "I suppose they are!" Alix conceded,

of grande passions, and murders, and on just the fact that a marr and a hated each other too much, or of each other too much! There must thing in it that I don't under-But what I do understand," she added, after a moment, when Cherry, with emotion, was silent, "is that dad would die of grief if he knew ere unhappy, that your life was all up in disappointment and bit-

you were united by your worken up in disappointment and bitworken up in disappointment and bitworkens!"
"But is that my fault!" Cherry exelimed, with sudden tears.
Alix, after watching her for a troubled
minute, went to her, and put her arm
minute, went to her, and put her arm
shout her. "Don't cry, Cherry!" she
pleaded, sorrowfully.
Cherry, regaining self-control, recommed her work silently, with an
occasional, sudden sigh. Alix, chapping
the heavy covers of a leatherbound
column in Buck's imquisitive nose, presently laughed gayly as he sneezed
and pawed.
She had opened the subject with
rejuctance; now she realized that they
ad again reached a blank wall.
Three days after their talk in the
noonlit garden Peter found chance to
peak alone to Cherry.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Quite" she said, raising blue eyes
to his.

What about your suitcase?"
"I took it into San Francisco yeserdsy; Alix went in early, and I folowed at noon. It's checked in the
erry building, waiting."
"It's tomorrow, then, Cherry!" he

said.
Tomorrow!" He saw the color ebb
from her face as she echoed him.
This was already late afternoon; perhas her thoughts raced ahead to tomorrow aftermoon at this time when
they two would be leaning on the rail
of the little steamer, gazing out over
the smooth, boundless blue of the Paific, and alone in the world. morrow you will be mine!" he

"That's all I think of," she answered. And now the color came up in a splen-did wave of flame, and the face that she turned toward his was radiant with turned toward his was radiant with proud surrender. He told her the number of the dock;

He told her the number of the door.
they discussed trains.
"We sail at 11," said Peter, "but I shall be there shortly after 10. I'll have the haggage on board, everything ready; you only have to cross the gangplank. You have your baggage check; shall to re."

the sun. "Heavenly day to waste in the city!" "Reavenly day to waste in the city."

Said Alix.
"I know!" Cherry said, nervously. She had been so strangely nervous and distracted in manner all morning that Alix had more than once asked her if there was anything wrong. Now she questioned her again.

"You mustn't mind me!" Cherry said, with a laugh. "I'm desperately, unwith a laugh."

with a laugh. Tim desperately unhappy," she said, her eyes watering.
"And sometimes I think of desperate remedies, that's all."
I'd do anything in the world to help you. Cerise!" Allx said, sympathetically.

"I know you would, sis! I believe."

Cherry said, trembling, "that there's nothing you wouldn't give me!"

That's easily said." Alix answered, carelessly, "for I don't get fond of things, as you do! My dear, I'd go off with Martin to Mexico in a minute. I mean it! I don't care a whoop where I live, if only people are happy. I'd work my hands to the bone for you—as a matter of fact. I do work 'em to the bone," she added, laughing, as she looked at the hands that were stained and rough from gardening.

"How about Buck?" Cherry said, as the dog leaped to his place on the front seat, and licked his mistress's ear.

Alix embraced him lovingly.

"Well—if he wanted to go with you!" she conceded, unwillingly. "But he wouldn't!" she added, quickly. Cherry, going to the train, gave her an April smile, and as she took her seat and the train drew on its way, it seemed to her suddenly that she might indeed meet that what they had planned was impossible.

But on the deck of the Sausalito "I know you would, sis! I believe."

that were picking dropped cats from the very feet of feeding horses.

the very feet of feeding horses.

Cherry sped through it all, beside herself now with excitement and strain, only anxious to have the great hands of the clock drop more speedily from minute to minute, and so round out the terrible hour that joined the old life to the new. She was hurrying blindly toward the docks of the Los Angeles Lime, absorbed in her one whirling thought, when somebody touched her arm, and a voice, terrifyingly unexpected and yet familiar, addressed her, and a hand was laid on her arm.

In utter confusion she looked up. It

egies the don't love each other, live egies the don't love each other, live egies the don't love each other, live egies the people' she asks. "Not egies to people who are girthood, ungraceful fashion of her girthood, the shoulders.

In utter contusion she looked up. It was Martin who stopped her. For a few dreadful seconds a sort of valid to collect her thoughts or to speak she had been so full of her extraordinary errand that she was bewildered and elick at its interruption, her heart thundered, hopefully. "My Lord, if you greated, hopefully. "My Lord, if you greated, hopefully. "My Lord, if you greated, hopefully." "My Lord, if you greated, hopefully. "My Lord, if you greated, hopefully." "My Lord, if you greated her shoughts ar

d. hopefully.

ough money, and food, and are ough money, and well—

but, Alix," Cherry argued, but, Alix," Cherry argued, "I'm not well when I'm undifference of the state of

suppose they are!" Alix conceded, suppose they are!" Alix conceded, suppose they are!" Alix conceded, "You what?" She had not really been intelligible, and she felt it, with a pang of fright. He must not suspect—the grande passions, and murders, and grande passions, and the fate of nations—sements, and the fact that a marr and peet—word might be fatal—he must not suspent.

pect—
"I'm shopping!" she said distinctly,
with dry lips. And she managed to

with dry lips. And she managed to smile.

"Well," Martin said, smiling in turn.
"surprised to see me?"

"Oh, Martin—" said her fluttered voice. Even in the utter panic of heart and soul she knew that for safety's sake she must find his vanity.

"I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you," he said. "I'm through with the Red Creek people!"

"Martin!" Cherry enunciated, almost voicelessly.

"You remember I wrote you that they fired Mason, and that I was doing his work and mine, too?"
"I—I remember!" Cherry, selzed by deadly nausea and chill, looked from a

deadly nausea and chill, looked from a flower vendgr to a newsboy, looked at the cars, the people—she must not faint. She must not faint. She must not faint. "Well—but where are you going?" Home?"

"I was going to the dentist a minute, but it's not important." They had turned and are proported.

"I was going to the dentist a minute, but it's not important." They had turned and were walking across to the ferry. She knew that there was no way in which she might escape him. "What did you say?" she said.

"I asked you when the next boat left for Mill Valley?"

"We can—go—find out." Cherry's thoughts were spinning. She must warn Peter somehow. It was twenty minutes of 11 by the ferry clock. Twenty minutes of 11. In twenty minutes the boat would sail. She thought desperately of the women's waiting room upstairs; she might plead the necessity of telephoning from it. But it had one door, and Martin would wait at that door. The glow of meeting had already faded from his face, but he was loitering by her side, quite ag a matter of course.

Suddenly she realized that her only hope of warning Peter was to send a messenger. But if Martin should chance to connect her neighborhood with the boat, when he met her, and her sending of a message to Peter here—

"I think there's a boat at 11 something," she said, collectedly. "Suppose you go and find out?"

She glanced toward the entrance of the Sausalito waiting-room, a hundred yards away, and a mad hope leaped in her heart. If he turned his back on her—

"What are you going to do?" he asked,

they discussed trains.

"We sail at 11." said Peter, "but I shall be there shortly after 10. I'll have the baggage on board, everything ready; you only have to cross the gausgian plank. You have your baggage check; give it to me."

They were waiting in the car while alix marketed; Cherry opened her purse and gave him the punched card-board.

Till tell Alix that I have a last denist appointment at 10:30," she said "If she goes in with me, we'll go to the very door. But she says she can't come in tomorrow, anyway. I'll write her tonight, and drop the letter on the way to the boat."

"Better wait until we are in Los Angeles," he said, pondering. "I'm writing, too, of course, I'm simply saying that it is one of the big things that come into people's lives and that one can't combat. Perhaps some day—but I can't look forward; I can't tell what the future holds. I only know that we belong to each other, and that life might as well be erided as love!"

"Tomorrow, then!" was Cherry's only answer. "I'm glad it's so soon."

"Good-by!" said Cherry, leaning over the side of the car to kiss her sister. Alix received the kiss, smiled, and stretched in the sun.

"Heavenly day to waste in the city:"

"He turned his back on her heart. If he turned his back on her with the turned his back on "What are you going to do?" he asked, somewhat surprised.

"Ought to telephone Alix." Her despair leth her wit. If he went to the ticket office, and she into a telephone despair leth her wit. If he went to the ticket office, and she into a telephone him yet! While he dawdled here, minutes were flying, and Peter was watching every car and out the exact time and get tickets," she said, "Til telephone Alix."

"It to turned his back on "What are vit. If he went to the ticket office, and she into a telephone him yet! While he dawdled here, minutes were flying, and Peter was watching every car and out the exact time and get tickets," she said, "I'l telephone Alix."

"It was alway, and a mat, if he turned his back on the heavy saw that in the total to pull out his big watch and assure her that they had all the time in the world. She tried to call a number, left the booth, paid a staring girl, and rejoined him.

"Busy!" she reported.
"Twee that thinking" Martin said.

"Busy!" she reported.
"I was just thinking." Martin said.
"that we might stay in town and go
to the Orpheum; how about it? Do we
have to have Peter and Alix?"
Cherry flushed, angered again, in the
well-remembered way, under all her
fright and stir. Her voice had its old
hored note. bored note.
"Well, Martin, I've been their guest

"Well, Martin, I've been their guest for two months!"

"I'd just as soon have them!" Martin conceded, indifferently.

But the diverted thought had helped Cherry, irritation had nerved her, and the reminder of Martin's old, try-ing stupidities had lessened her fear of him.

"I've got to send a telegram—for Alix." she said. "What about?" he asked, less curious than ill-bred. "Good-by to some people who are sail-

That's easily said. Alix answered the said of the said

THE GUMPS—One of Those Big Little Guys

HE'S TOO FAR UP - LOST ALL ONE OF THOSE GUYS WAY UP IN THE CLOUDS - HE'S GOT DOLLAR MARKS WHEN HE THOUGHT I WAS THERE GOES THAT NEB-HE COULDN'T BE NICE PERSPECTIVE -JUST LIKE A GUY IN A OLD BIG CHEST-BALLOON - HE'S SO FAR ABOVE EVERYBODY THAT THEY ALL LOOK SMALL IN HIS SPECTACLES AND CAN'T SEE TRIED TO BORROW ENOUGH - BUT HOW THAT I ANY BODY - OH WELL, HE MAY \$5000 FROM HIM THE HAVE A FALL SOME TIME - HE'D TO HIM - WELL PON'T YOU FORGET IT OLD LOST OUT HE'S ABOUT AS OTHER DAY AND HE TURNED YOU LOOK SMALL TO EVERYBODY ELSE TOO BETTER LET OUT A LITTLE GAS SOCIABLE AS A COUPLE ME DOWN - TRIED TO AND COME CLOSER TO EARTH OF MILE POSTS FOOL INVESTMENTS SMIT

...

PETEY—On the Scent -OH, MY GOODHESS UA TAHW ODOR-



SMITH SHOWS VERY GOOD JUDGMENT

•:-



By Fontaine Fox

-:-



By Sidney Smith

By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way



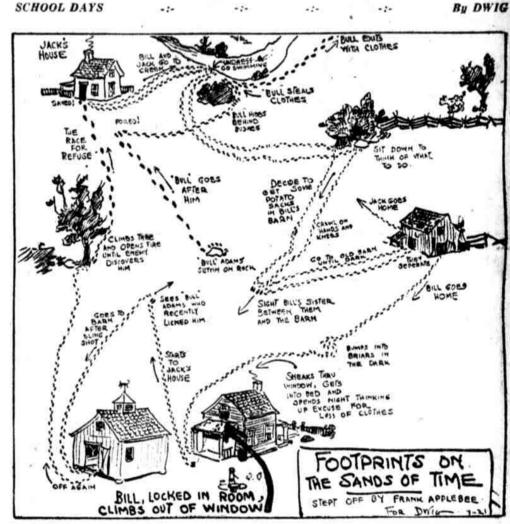
The young lady across the way says the League of Nations might have been a real issue before the war was over and we got into it.

- IN THE USE OF THAT LIFE-PRESERVER WHEN HE WENT OUT IN THE CANDE AND TOOK ALONG HIS JUG OF SEVEN-YEAR-OLD

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THE



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-No Cause for Worry

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEBODY PUTTING) MAIL FOR YOU THE SKIDS UNDER MY JOY! HERE IM MISS OFLAGE! HAVING A BEAR OF A VACATION AND I MEET 'VENUS" AND SHE TELLS ME THE BOSS SEEMS HAPPY WHILE IM GONE! WHAT'S HE HAPPY ABOUT ? THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW. THE REASON I PUT MARY DOODLETO BAT FOR ME WAS SO I'D BE MISSED! T WONDER IF SHE'S LEARNING TOO FAST!

LETTER V Deax Cam - Holy BuckWheat when yer want away what : DID You dox with the Carbino paper and how Do +x you macke-Dowble Spases on Thice Mashine ? i Done A lot of Phileing this morning x } PHIELED at the Bils butt wHEN i come to phiele The SMITH Mashine CO BILS There + x - Was AOT Any SPASE AMONGE the M'S - FOR no make - Soi Phielled them Ullber MY DeSKx TIL XXX YOUL Come BAX. L'HaD a DAte last Nite? with a Swel Feller what takes dan SIN lessons so the Boss Worked in my Plase Last niTE. I be glad Whenxx You Receturn as I don't know much bout Typeritin. HOLY BickWhatx I aint SSeen Sush a Messs SENSE I used to sling HASh in Smokys RestEXRANTAX

-:-

-:-

YOURSIX mary Doodle



"CAP" STUBBS—Strategy's a Fine Thing—Sometimes



By Hayward

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